

The Two Unfortunate LOVERS!
Or, A true Relation of the lamentable end of John True and Susan Mease.
And how they dy'd unfortunate.

Their lives this Ditty doth relate,
 The tune is, the Brides Burial,



<p>At tend you Lovers and give ear, unto my mournful Song, Of two that loved faithfull, yet did each other wrong. At Coventry in Warwickshire this young man he did dwell, His Name John True a Shoemaker and lov'd of it full well. At Corly did this maiden dwell, three miles from Coventry, Yet for the love he bore to her, he would her often see. And coming to her on a day, he told to her his mind, Susan (quoth he) I love thee dear, be not to me unkind. If thou canst love and fancy me, in heart and eke in mind, I will prove loving unto thee, be not to me unkind. Thy cheerful looks rejoice my heart, and merry make my mind, Sweet Susan then love me again, be not to me unkind. Good John I thank you for your love, and wish you at home to tarry, I am too young for you to wed, and have no mind to marry.</p>	<p>of beauty fair and free, Yet not thy love upon me then, for I cannot love thee. This answer struck him to the heart, as cold as any stone, And homewards straight he did return with many a sigh and groan. Wishing that he had ne'er been born, or in his cradle dy'd, Unhappy man to love so true, and yet to be deny'd. Quoth he, I will to her again, and hear what she doth say, It may be she may be more kind, though first she said me nay. Then coming to the Town again, he sent for her straight way, Desiring her to speak with him, but still she said him nay. Then did he sigh lament and grieve, and knew not what to say, Then did he take his pen in hand, and wrote these words straight way. My hearts delight and only joy, kill me not with disdain, Wouchease that I may speak with thee to rid me out of pain.</p>	<p>Resolve me sweetest I thee pray, why is thy barred such, I know no cause unless it be, for loving thee too much. As is my name, so is my love, Sweet Susan unto thee, True is my name, True is my love, and ever so shall be. My love is loyal, just, and good, kill me not with disdain, Rather do me the courtesie to love for love again. When she had read and understood his mind and his intent, She then began to like and love, and yielded him hearts content. John I am thine, if thou best mine, for ever and for aye: It was to try thy constancy that I did say thee nay. But here's my hand, my heart & love, I'll ne'er thee more deny, My love is constant firm and true, and shall be till I dye. Then they embrac'd each others love, and join'd in heart and voice, That she of him, and he of her had made so sweet a choice.</p>
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BUt fortune that doth often frown,
where he befoze did smile,
The mans delight, the Maids joy,
full soon she did beguile.

When he was setled in her love,
then he would change his mind,
And soz to try her constancy,
would he to her unkind.

And thus resolved in his mind,
he'd come to her no more,
But went and woo'd another Maide,
which grief'd her heart full sore.

Quoth he, she proved unto me,
hard-hearted and unkind:
But now her true love I have won,
I'll bear the self same mind.

When she perceiv'd his love to her,
not as 'twas wont to be,
She did lament, sigh, weep and grieve,
and then these words said she.

False-hearted wretch adieu, quoth she,
disloyal and unkind,
And if I spe for love of thee,
thou shalt not know my mind.

Woe to the time I did beleive,
that flattering tongue of thine,
Would God that I had never seen
the tears of thy false eye.

Hard hap had I to let my love,
on one that mocked me,
Sure all the Country did not peeld
a man so false as he.

Thus was she brought to mean estate
all comfort from her fled,
She did desire to speak with him,
befoze that he was dead.

Her friends did seek to chear her up,
and to make glad her mind,
But she was kill'd with loving him,
who prov'd to her unkind.

False-hearted man, may never Maide,
love thee as I have done,
But may my death remembred be,
to time that is to come.

But may all Maides example take,
by this my mournful death,
And now O Lord receive my soul,
to thee I yield my breath.

Thus D's the pattern of true love,
thus dy'd a vertuous Maide,
Thus dy'd as good a harmlesse Lasse,
as ever love betrap'd.

Sir Maide in white as, custom is,
did bear her to the grave,
Her Parents grieve lament and more,
no child at all they have.

When as her lover understood,
soz truth that she was Dead,
He rag'd and ready was to tear
the Haire from off his head.

But when he came into the place,
where his true lover lay,
He strait way ran unto the grave,
and there these words did say.

Susan (quoth he) I'll kiss thy grave,
upon my bended knee,
Whereby I'll shew to all the world,
how dear I loved thee.

And as he lay upon the ground,
he heard a voice to say,
John True if e're thou lovedst me deare,
make hast and come away.

Then started he up from the grave,
and stood like one struck Dumb,
And when he had regain'd his speech
he said, I come, I come.

And thus like one out of his wits,
he rag'd in pittous sort,
That all the Neighbours presently
were grief'd at his report.

And thus with sorrow and grief of
he lay a whole fortnight, (Heart,
And when he had confess'd his fault
he pelded up his spirit.

According to his hearts Desire,
and as he did request,
They dig'd his grave, & laid him down
by her whom he lov'd best.

you young men all that have true loves,
be sure unto your friend,
And if you love, be sure your love,
be true unto the end.

And thus I end my story true,
so full of grief and woe,
May never any seek again,
to wrong each other so.